

NEWSHISTLE TO MAKE AKOUN CARNIVAL KING

Roller-Rink Man Now Leads
in Contest for Coney
Island Crown.

MANY VOTE FOR JOLLY.

Huber, the Brooklyn Brewer,
Has Become a Factor
in the Race.

HOW VOTE STANDS FOR KING OF CONEY ISLAND CARNIVAL.

William Akoun.....	436
John Jolly.....	322
John Kestner.....	188
William A. Huber.....	107
Alfred Feltman.....	97
Charles P. Clayton.....	7
C. L. Feltman.....	54
M. J. Boylan.....	45
Ald. L. M. Potter.....	43
Conrad Stenborg.....	11
Frederick.....	10
Val Schmitt.....	5
Henry Grunberg.....	4
George Huber.....	4
Joseph T. Hering.....	3
Will Bear.....	1

There was a decided boom for Ferdinand Akoun, the Sea Beach Parlor Roller Rink man, in the second day's balloting for King of the Coney Island Carnival; 389 coupon ballots out from The Evening World were voted for him, bringing Mr. Akoun's total vote for two days up to 436 and making him the leader. Mr. Akoun has not all the newsboys on his side. During the week of the carnival, according to his announcement, there will be a Newsboys' Day at the big rink, and every newsboy in New York is invited. They will own the place for that day. There will be a luncheon for them at 2 P. M., and there will be a programme of roller contests with special prizes for the winners. There will be a mile race, a half-mile race, a grand pig race, a "greased" contest. The winner of the "greased" race will be suspended from the high ceiling down to a point reachable by the mouth of the newsboy roller-skaters, and it is up to the hundred contestants to see which can corral and eat his apple first, without the aid of his hands. There will also be a potato race and a number of other contests all on roller skates. The newspapers and other friends of the boys have donated some of the prizes.

Electioneer for Akoun.
It will be fun for the newsboys and a tip-top entertainment for other folks. It will be free to the newsboys, but the others must pay, and the proceeds will be devoted to the Newsboys' Club.

Newsboys stationed at the entrance to the Sea Beach Palace Rink call their Evening Worlds with the request to customers to "cut out the ballot coupon and vote for our candidate for King, Ferdinand Akoun."

"Say, it's a cinch," said Skinny Flynn confidentially. "We'll win with Akoun in a yank. And, say just say in the paper that we ask people who buy Evening Worlds of us and find the coupon cut out not to get mad about it, 'cause we cut 'em out to vote for our man, see?"

Phil Jolly's friends to the number of 115 cast their ballots for him on the second day, bringing his total up to 322, and there was just an even one hundred votes in the box for John Kestner, making a total of 188 for the two days.

Billy Ellis got 56 votes, raising his total to 107, and 6 Lundvies wrote the "Chief" Clayton's vote, raising his total to 97.

A new Richmond appeared in the field in the second day's balloting in the person of Joseph Huber, Brooklyn's popular brewer, who arrived at the rink with the mails from four different places bore Mr. Huber's name, and there are those who say that "Joe" Huber can have it if he wants it. George T. Hering, with three votes, was another candidate for the crown of Coney Island and appeared, and he is no other than Bill Bear, the Cheyenne Chief with Miller Brothers' 101 Beach Wild West show at Brighton Beach.

Bill Bear, who proudly wears among his personal adornments, a silver disk about the size of a saucer, presented to him by a treaty council in Washington, before J. C. Miller and C. V. Cathcart discussing the Evening World election of a king for Coney Island. He recognized the vote-raising and "Coney Island" and asked about it. Mr. Miller, who speaks good Oklahoma Cheyenne, explained it. "I think,"

"Light King, big Chief, me big Chief. Me be big Chief." It developed that Bill Bear was ambitious to be King of the Carnival and he declared immediately that he would make bean squaws along with him.

"Me take Little Cloud." "But there will want to put your picture in the paper," said Mr. Cathcart. "Me take the square, set picture," said the chief, and Little Cloud started for the "village" to see a photographer.

Thunderous cheer, were quite sudden when Bear and his crowd of followers, including the newsboys crying Evening World at the door with "Vote for Bill Bear for King of Coney Island." One vote for Bill Bear was found in the poll for the second day, but patrons of the Wild West show are buying papers and cutting out voting coupons in great numbers at last accounts, and it is predicted that the aggressive self-nominate Chief will show up well in the balloting from now on.

"He'll be Superintendent in it, on."

Matthew W. Boylan, the genial and popular superintendent of the Coney Island, has been launched as the candidate of the subscribers to the telephone service, with the telephone girls as his hardest campaigners.

The weekly lined pins over the wire on their halo customers just before

Popular Men in Contest for Crown Coney's Mardi Gras King Will Wear



they give him the number he wants. "Please won't you vote for Mr. Boylan for King of the Carnival? He's my candidate. Oh, thank you, that's a dear," is the way they are electioneering for "The Boss," and as every subscriber on Coney Island is indebted to "Matt" Boylan for some favor in connection with his business, the response to the plea is naturally in the affirmative. Forty-five votes have been cast for him up to date, and there'll be many times forty-five in the days to come. Mr. Boylan has enlisted himself in the management of the annual Mardi Gras festival by his splendid service to them in wiring the parade route for both lighting and a quick signal service from end to end of the island.

The Balloting Bulletin.

The Electioneering have stationed Evening World ballot-boxes in

front of their Brooklyn ice-cream establishment and at the Brooklyn House, Bowery and Henderson's Walk, Coney Island. Manager Charles L. Milligan puts on the screen of this free moving picture every few minutes a slide showing the state of the vote for King up to date. At their big establishment, Broadway and Park avenue, Brooklyn, each Monday afternoon during vacation is devoted to entertaining the crowd of children, and 2,500 attended on Monday last, being given half-hour exhibits in squads of as many as the auditorium will hold. These youngsters will probably vote the Evening World ballot for their friend John Kestner for King of the Carnival.

Police Looking for Young Man Who Handled Restaurant-keeper's Money.

The police are seeking Harry Lawton, who until Aug. 2 was assistant bookkeeper in the restaurant of Thomas Healey at Columbus avenue and 53rd street. When Lawton disappeared Mr. Healey missed a large sum of money from his safe. The police say \$500 was taken, but the manager of the restaurant says the amount is smaller.

Lawton recently secured the services of a young man who of neat appearance said bore letters of recommendation that could not be questioned. He soon won the confidence of his employer and was given great leeway.

Last Friday Lawton went to Miss Rowe, the cashier, and offered to take her place if she wished to take a day off. She did not, so Lawton said, "It is alleged, that he would take the money to the bank. He has not been seen since."

Two Brooklyn little boys who prefer to take their repasts in a perpendicular rather than a horizontal position yesterday were Stephen Timmes, aged 7, and his brother George, aged 6. Their mother didn't do a thing to them when they got to her home at No. 123 Metropolitan Avenue, in the custody of a policeman after an absence of nearly twenty-four hours. Oh, no, she didn't.

Stephen and George went out on the street. They failed to get home for lunch, and they failed to get home for dinner. Late in the evening Mrs. Timmes went around the neighborhood making inquiries.

She met many with information. One woman saw the two boys going away with a big negro. Another woman saw them going away with two villainous-looking Italians. Still another saw them going away with three suspicious characters. In the course of an hour Mrs. Timmes learned that there had been a sort of congress of assassins and kidnappers.

Filled with fear and forebodings, she went to the Bedford avenue station and told her troubles to Lieut. Lyons. Following the rule, he sent out an immediate alarm for Stephen and George, and within an hour policemen all over town were looking for them.

George Smith, custodian of the public bath at the foot of Third street, Williamsburg, opened at the usual hour today and found two little boys asleep in a back-house. They proved to be Stephen and George. While they were being fed they told a remarkable story of riding around on street cars all day with a strange man, who deserted them at nightfall.

The policeman who took them home said he could hear loud cries in the Timmes house until he was a couple of blocks away.

Two runaway boys overcome by heat. They eat standing since Mamma handed them Some Hot Ones.

Two Brooklyn little boys who prefer to take their repasts in a perpendicular rather than a horizontal position yesterday were Stephen Timmes, aged 7, and his brother George, aged 6. Their mother didn't do a thing to them when they got to her home at No. 123 Metropolitan Avenue, in the custody of a policeman after an absence of nearly twenty-four hours. Oh, no, she didn't.

Stephen and George went out on the street. They failed to get home for lunch, and they failed to get home for dinner. Late in the evening Mrs. Timmes went around the neighborhood making inquiries.

She met many with information. One woman saw the two boys going away with a big negro. Another woman saw them going away with two villainous-looking Italians. Still another saw them going away with three suspicious characters. In the course of an hour Mrs. Timmes learned that there had been a sort of congress of assassins and kidnappers.

Filled with fear and forebodings, she went to the Bedford avenue station and told her troubles to Lieut. Lyons. Following the rule, he sent out an immediate alarm for Stephen and George, and within an hour policemen all over town were looking for them.

George Smith, custodian of the public bath at the foot of Third street, Williamsburg, opened at the usual hour today and found two little boys asleep in a back-house. They proved to be Stephen and George. While they were being fed they told a remarkable story of riding around on street cars all day with a strange man, who deserted them at nightfall.

The policeman who took them home said he could hear loud cries in the Timmes house until he was a couple of blocks away.

Two runaway boys overcome by heat. They eat standing since Mamma handed them Some Hot Ones.

Two Brooklyn little boys who prefer to take their repasts in a perpendicular rather than a horizontal position yesterday were Stephen Timmes, aged 7, and his brother George, aged 6. Their mother didn't do a thing to them when they got to her home at No. 123 Metropolitan Avenue, in the custody of a policeman after an absence of nearly twenty-four hours. Oh, no, she didn't.

Stephen and George went out on the street. They failed to get home for lunch, and they failed to get home for dinner. Late in the evening Mrs. Timmes went around the neighborhood making inquiries.

HEALEY'S CASH AND BOOKKEEPER GONE

Police Looking for Young Man Who Handled Restaurant-keeper's Money.

The police are seeking Harry Lawton, who until Aug. 2 was assistant bookkeeper in the restaurant of Thomas Healey at Columbus avenue and 53rd street. When Lawton disappeared Mr. Healey missed a large sum of money from his safe. The police say \$500 was taken, but the manager of the restaurant says the amount is smaller.

Lawton recently secured the services of a young man who of neat appearance said bore letters of recommendation that could not be questioned. He soon won the confidence of his employer and was given great leeway.

Last Friday Lawton went to Miss Rowe, the cashier, and offered to take her place if she wished to take a day off. She did not, so Lawton said, "It is alleged, that he would take the money to the bank. He has not been seen since."

Two runaway boys overcome by heat. They eat standing since Mamma handed them Some Hot Ones.

Two Brooklyn little boys who prefer to take their repasts in a perpendicular rather than a horizontal position yesterday were Stephen Timmes, aged 7, and his brother George, aged 6. Their mother didn't do a thing to them when they got to her home at No. 123 Metropolitan Avenue, in the custody of a policeman after an absence of nearly twenty-four hours. Oh, no, she didn't.

Stephen and George went out on the street. They failed to get home for lunch, and they failed to get home for dinner. Late in the evening Mrs. Timmes went around the neighborhood making inquiries.

She met many with information. One woman saw the two boys going away with a big negro. Another woman saw them going away with two villainous-looking Italians. Still another saw them going away with three suspicious characters. In the course of an hour Mrs. Timmes learned that there had been a sort of congress of assassins and kidnappers.

Filled with fear and forebodings, she went to the Bedford avenue station and told her troubles to Lieut. Lyons. Following the rule, he sent out an immediate alarm for Stephen and George, and within an hour policemen all over town were looking for them.

George Smith, custodian of the public bath at the foot of Third street, Williamsburg, opened at the usual hour today and found two little boys asleep in a back-house. They proved to be Stephen and George. While they were being fed they told a remarkable story of riding around on street cars all day with a strange man, who deserted them at nightfall.

The policeman who took them home said he could hear loud cries in the Timmes house until he was a couple of blocks away.

Two runaway boys overcome by heat. They eat standing since Mamma handed them Some Hot Ones.

Two Brooklyn little boys who prefer to take their repasts in a perpendicular rather than a horizontal position yesterday were Stephen Timmes, aged 7, and his brother George, aged 6. Their mother didn't do a thing to them when they got to her home at No. 123 Metropolitan Avenue, in the custody of a policeman after an absence of nearly twenty-four hours. Oh, no, she didn't.

Stephen and George went out on the street. They failed to get home for lunch, and they failed to get home for dinner. Late in the evening Mrs. Timmes went around the neighborhood making inquiries.

She met many with information. One woman saw the two boys going away with a big negro. Another woman saw them going away with two villainous-looking Italians. Still another saw them going away with three suspicious characters. In the course of an hour Mrs. Timmes learned that there had been a sort of congress of assassins and kidnappers.

Filled with fear and forebodings, she went to the Bedford avenue station and told her troubles to Lieut. Lyons. Following the rule, he sent out an immediate alarm for Stephen and George, and within an hour policemen all over town were looking for them.

George Smith, custodian of the public bath at the foot of Third street, Williamsburg, opened at the usual hour today and found two little boys asleep in a back-house. They proved to be Stephen and George. While they were being fed they told a remarkable story of riding around on street cars all day with a strange man, who deserted them at nightfall.

The policeman who took them home said he could hear loud cries in the Timmes house until he was a couple of blocks away.

Two runaway boys overcome by heat. They eat standing since Mamma handed them Some Hot Ones.

Two Brooklyn little boys who prefer to take their repasts in a perpendicular rather than a horizontal position yesterday were Stephen Timmes, aged 7, and his brother George, aged 6. Their mother didn't do a thing to them when they got to her home at No. 123 Metropolitan Avenue, in the custody of a policeman after an absence of nearly twenty-four hours. Oh, no, she didn't.

Stephen and George went out on the street. They failed to get home for lunch, and they failed to get home for dinner. Late in the evening Mrs. Timmes went around the neighborhood making inquiries.

PEARY HERE; SAYS HE'LL START FOR POLE IN 2 WEEKS

Inspects Steamship on Which
He Will Make Dash to
the Frozen North.

Commander Robert E. Peary is at the Grand Union Hotel and said today that the sailing date of the Roosevelt from this port and heading for the North Pole had not been settled, and that the start would be made as soon as boilers were installed in the vessel now in dry dock at the Shipyard's Island shipyard, Staten Island.

"I have been decided that Capt. Robert Bartlett will be in command of the Roosevelt," said Explorer Peary to an Evening World reporter, "and the crew will, except for a few minor changes, be the same as on the last trip. I am feeling splendidly, and from reports I believe the men who will accompany me on the expedition are in perfect health."

"The surgeon who will go with me has not been selected, and I am giving the matter my closest attention. I have many applications for the place, and will not finally decide until I look over the entire field. Most doctors applying for the commission are New Yorkers. The surgeon's job is an important one, and I am looking for the right man."

Commander Peary spent yesterday at the Shipyard's Island Shipyard in inspecting the Roosevelt, and was apparently satisfied with the headway made in repairs. He said that he was not in charge of the installation of boilers, but that he would pass upon them when completed.

The Arctic explorer spent last evening with Brooklyn friends, and met members of the Peary Arctic Club. He said that he expected to be gone three weeks, and had made all preparations for that term. He looks the picture of health, and wore a soft silk shirt and flowing tie of light blue on his tour of inspection yesterday.

"I have no plans to make public other than already announced," said he, "and the expedition will be conducted along the same lines as the last one. I look for the boilers to be ready within two weeks, and as soon as ready we will make a start. I wish I was starting today. Sydney, C. B., where the Roosevelt will coal, will be the first port touched, and the next will be Cape York. We then will plunge toward our goal."

Two runaway boys overcome by heat. They eat standing since Mamma handed them Some Hot Ones.

Two Brooklyn little boys who prefer to take their repasts in a perpendicular rather than a horizontal position yesterday were Stephen Timmes, aged 7, and his brother George, aged 6. Their mother didn't do a thing to them when they got to her home at No. 123 Metropolitan Avenue, in the custody of a policeman after an absence of nearly twenty-four hours. Oh, no, she didn't.

Stephen and George went out on the street. They failed to get home for lunch, and they failed to get home for dinner. Late in the evening Mrs. Timmes went around the neighborhood making inquiries.

She met many with information. One woman saw the two boys going away with a big negro. Another woman saw them going away with two villainous-looking Italians. Still another saw them going away with three suspicious characters. In the course of an hour Mrs. Timmes learned that there had been a sort of congress of assassins and kidnappers.

Filled with fear and forebodings, she went to the Bedford avenue station and told her troubles to Lieut. Lyons. Following the rule, he sent out an immediate alarm for Stephen and George, and within an hour policemen all over town were looking for them.

George Smith, custodian of the public bath at the foot of Third street, Williamsburg, opened at the usual hour today and found two little boys asleep in a back-house. They proved to be Stephen and George. While they were being fed they told a remarkable story of riding around on street cars all day with a strange man, who deserted them at nightfall.

The policeman who took them home said he could hear loud cries in the Timmes house until he was a couple of blocks away.

Two runaway boys overcome by heat. They eat standing since Mamma handed them Some Hot Ones.

Two Brooklyn little boys who prefer to take their repasts in a perpendicular rather than a horizontal position yesterday were Stephen Timmes, aged 7, and his brother George, aged 6. Their mother didn't do a thing to them when they got to her home at No. 123 Metropolitan Avenue, in the custody of a policeman after an absence of nearly twenty-four hours. Oh, no, she didn't.

Stephen and George went out on the street. They failed to get home for lunch, and they failed to get home for dinner. Late in the evening Mrs. Timmes went around the neighborhood making inquiries.

She met many with information. One woman saw the two boys going away with a big negro. Another woman saw them going away with two villainous-looking Italians. Still another saw them going away with three suspicious characters. In the course of an hour Mrs. Timmes learned that there had been a sort of congress of assassins and kidnappers.

Filled with fear and forebodings, she went to the Bedford avenue station and told her troubles to Lieut. Lyons. Following the rule, he sent out an immediate alarm for Stephen and George, and within an hour policemen all over town were looking for them.

George Smith, custodian of the public bath at the foot of Third street, Williamsburg, opened at the usual hour today and found two little boys asleep in a back-house. They proved to be Stephen and George. While they were being fed they told a remarkable story of riding around on street cars all day with a strange man, who deserted them at nightfall.

The policeman who took them home said he could hear loud cries in the Timmes house until he was a couple of blocks away.

Two runaway boys overcome by heat. They eat standing since Mamma handed them Some Hot Ones.

Two Brooklyn little boys who prefer to take their repasts in a perpendicular rather than a horizontal position yesterday were Stephen Timmes, aged 7, and his brother George, aged 6. Their mother didn't do a thing to them when they got to her home at No. 123 Metropolitan Avenue, in the custody of a policeman after an absence of nearly twenty-four hours. Oh, no, she didn't.

6th Avenue's Busy Corner
THE 14TH STREET STORE
HENRY SIEGEL Pres.

Marie Antoinette Suits.

Cool, Natty Garments of Dainty Persian Lawns.

The fronts of the waists are cleverly plaited and trimmed. Full sleeves with plaited cuffs, full, graceful skirts neatly tucked. All sizes. The illustration will give you a faint idea of the neat style of the garments. Worth double this price.

SHIRT-WAIST SUITS. Stylish flowered Organdies and White Persian Lawns; waists neatly trimmed with German Valenciennes laces; full skirts trimmed with two folds; sizes 34 to 44. Regular price \$3.98. **\$1.89**

SHIRT-WAIST SUITS. Chambrays, White Linons and Black or White Lawns; neatly made; full skirts; sizes 34 to 44. Regular price \$2.95. **\$2.95**

LINGERIE DRESSES. Princess styles; waists tastefully trimmed with laces and embroideries; skirts trimmed with tucks and folds. Regular price \$12.98. **\$7.98**

WASHABLE REP OR UNION LINON SKIRTS. New pleated models, trimmed with folds; all lengths; \$3.98 values. **\$2.98**

BATHING SUITS. Granite cloth, in Black or Blue, trimmed with washable braids; full skirts; all sizes. \$2.50 suits. **\$1.49**

BATHING SUITS. Low neck effects, trimmed with polka dotted silk; also suits trimmed with washable braids; full bloomers; all sizes. \$3.00 suits. **\$1.98**

BRILLIANT BATHING SUITS. Low necks or with sailor collars; Black or Blue, trimmed with washable braids; extra roomy skirts, trimmed; all sizes \$3.50 suits, now. **\$2.49**

Infants' Dept. Preparation for stock-taking causes many sharp reductions.

CHILDREN'S WHITE LAWN GIMMES. Square yokes, trimmed with lace inserting, and others trimmed with embroidery. Regular price 39c. **39c**

A LOT OF CHILDREN'S GOWNS. Made of good muslin, with high or V necks, trimmed with embroidery or lace. Regularly 49c. **39c**

Women's Night Gowns. In an extremely pretty lot of round and V neck effects, daintily trimmed with deep lace and embroidery. Your choice 98c. **98c**

SHORT UNDERSKIRTS. Cambric; full ruffles, with hem-stitched hem. **25c**

CAMBRIC CORSET COVERS. Round necks, trimmed with several rows of lace insertions, ribbon heading and lace edges; 25c values. **15c**

CAMBRIC DRAWERS. Full ruffles, trimmed with wide lace insertions and edges. **25c**

UMBRELLA DRAWERS. Cambric, full ruffles, trimmed with several rows lace insertions, deep embroidery ruffles and clusters of tucks. **49c**

NAINSOOK GOWNS. **60c**

Hammocks Half Price

The Montauk Mills sold them to us at big price reductions, and we are hurrying them out on account of inventory. The lots include canvas weave and rope hammocks, and are all good, substantial colors.

Full Size Large Pillow and Valance. \$1.98 values. **98c**

Twine Hammocks, extra fine grade twine, very closely woven and beautiful combination colors; deep fringed sides. **\$2.98**

Close Canvas Weave, also fine Twine Hammocks. **\$1.49**

Extra Heavy Weight Large Throw Back Pillow; deep valance; beautiful colors. \$3.50 values. **\$1.98**

Corsets. Cool and comfortable to wear, yet firm and durable in make. In medium or low bust models, long dip hips and long over abdomen. Supporters attached front and sides. Lace and ribbon trimmed tops. Made of good quality baliste. With perfectly straight fronts. Sizes 18 to 30. **\$1.48**

Wrappers. Attractively made of very good quality lawn, in light and medium colors; prettily trimmed with sailor collars and have short sleeves; \$1.50 values, at **98c**

HOUSE DRESSES AND ONE AND TWO-PIECE SUITS, of percale. **\$1.25**

NURSES' UNIFORMS, MAIDS' DRESSES AND ONE AND TWO-PIECE SUITS. Chambrays, seersuckers and French percales, in all colors; some with Dutch necks, and short sleeves. **\$1.98**

Mid-Summer Pure Food Show. Mid-Summer Pure Food Show swings briskly along, attracting great crowds of customers daily, and bringing in a flood of mail and telephone orders. THOUSANDS OF FREE SAMPLES GIVEN AWAY DAILY. Concerts mornings and afternoons by the New York Ladies' Symphony Orchestra.

Wines & Liquors. PORTS AND RHENISHES. These wines are a product of California, and are considered highly nutritive and of fine tonic quality. They are full bodied and fruity, and retain their delicious after-taste which goes to make the perfect wine. They are sold everywhere at \$2.00. Our price for this sale, a **\$1.24** gallon.

Meats and Fish. TOP ROUND STEAKS. These are the best of meat, without any waste. Thursday, **14c**

FRESH KILLED JERSEY BROILERS. Sold everywhere at 20c. **20c**

SHOULDER AND PORTERHOUSE STEAKS. Considered cheap at 15c and 20c. Our price for Thursday, **15c**

CORNEB OX TONGUES. Very little shrinkage in the cooking; limit 2 tongues to a customer. **12c**

CORNEB SPARE RIBS. Whole spareribs, sweet pickled. **25c**

Go-Carts--Clearance

RECLINING back and adjustable d as her; \$3 values **\$1.89**

14 SIZE; all-red bodied; 16-inch rubber tires; wheels; \$8 values **\$4.98**

COLLAPSIBLE, folds very small; all-steel bodies; \$8 values **\$5.98**

White Shoes and Oxfords For Men and Boys

White Duck Uppers and Solid Leather Soles, Sizes 3 to 6 and 7 to 10. Pair **39c**

GIRLS' AND BOYS' \$1 AND \$1.50 BAREFOOT SANDALS, all sizes; pair. **69c**

WOMEN'S \$1.50 AND \$2 BAREFOOT SANDALS, pair. **98c**

CHILDREN'S S.A.M.PLE SHOES; value to \$1.50; sizes 1 to 6; pair. **69c**

In the Factory Where the J.C. Campbell Piano Is Made

They Could Almost Convince You That It Was the Best Piano in the World

WE know it isn't. So do you. But there must be a great deal of merit in an instrument that is THE PRIDE OF THOSE WHO MAKE IT. If you could see how carefully the wood is prepared. How complete are the modern facilities provided for every detail of construction. Care and skill; skill and care. There isn't an ear-mark of cheapness anywhere about the factory.

We admit that the J. C. Campbell Piano is not the best piano in the world; but we KNOW that it is The Best Piano in the World AT ITS PRICE—\$190.

We want you to compare it with any piano on the market at less than \$250. No matter what the dealer may call his piano "worth." If he will sell it